

field of work. Before I left, I found that I would be on the staff as a student coach. At that time it was impossible for a teacher to cross the border from Canada, but there was no problem as I was not to be paid, but could take any class lectures of my choice, and would be given any jobs outside the College.

During the first semester, I attended psychology lectures briefly, as my job responsibilities piled up. I found I was too busy coaching at three Convent Academies, refereeing games, and teaching at a State Hospital, to bother attending the lecture course I was beginning to enjoy.

Little did I think that fifty years later Miss Applebee, later known as "The Apple", would meet me in England where she had retired after her fifty years at Bryn Mawr, and on meeting my husband, tell him that "she needed me on her staff like a hole in the head, but couldn't say no to the person who had asked her". With that remark as an opener, she promptly presented me with Tait McKenzie's sculptured medallion, "Joy of Effort", which he no doubt had given her for accepting the young inexperienced new graduate from Canada, as a member of her staff. "The Apple" still had a keen mind and memory at the age of one hundred and three, and we chuckled over many past happenings as we had a gala luncheon party at her huge house where she lived alone at the end of a winding road, and the edge of the New Forest in Hampshire.

CHAPTER THREE

It was a fascinating two years for me. The McKenzies had no family of their own, and felt a responsibility for my being there. I was given a key to the house, and dropped in frequently for over-night and week-ends. A note outside my bedroom door assured my breakfast tray would arrive first thing in the morning. Later I would join Ethel and Tait in many pleasant events held in the city. They felt I was a bit young for first name basis, but decided on "Cousin Tait and Cousin Ethel" as most appropriate. At first I was "Elizabeth", then ended up as "Bessie" - my grandmother's choice. It was many years later that just "Ethel and Tait" were to be used by me.

They entertained many interesting guests, and on my birthday insisted on a dinner party. Tait had a flair in making his own oil-dressing for his special tossed salad. A long double necked bottle of oil and vinegar "married" the two ingredients with great finesse, and seasoned to his own taste. It was delicious! After coffee, we often adjourned to the studio where the Scottish American Memorial was in progress. "Why should you not work a bit too", he said, and presented me with a sculptors scalpel and mini tool set. To my surprise it produced a likeable profile plaque of me, showing my marcelled hair and coiled bun at the nape of my neck. Recently I discovered the same clay model, added sagging chin, heavier bone structure with a more modern hair-do, to change the appearance to a mature but interesting senior citizen. My talents were far from startling, and remained only for my own enjoyment. Some of the studio fascination also included the models used for the Scottish American^A memorial. The Piper in his kilts, had his bagpipe ribbons blowing in the breeze, from the

electric fan which Tait had turned on. The recruits following the band represented every walk of life, with each face a study of character and intensesness as they gathered in answer to the "Call". A collie and a cairn still heeled, as their masters marched along in the great parade of volunteers, solidly to-gether.

At Bryn Mawr College, I shared an apartment on the "Main Line" with two members of the physical education staff. One girl was an English field hockey and lacrosse coach, while the other was an American from New Jersey, who was formerly with the Metropolitan Opera ballet in New York. I, being Canadian, became middleman in food planning with an American breakfast of scrapple or bacon and eggs with fried potatoes vs. cereal, porridge, toast and tea. Lack of furniture was no problem. We stored veranda furniture for those lacking space, borrowed college infirmary beds, and the McKenzies supplied the balance of our needs for blankets, linen and kitchen supplies.

Granted the apartment was the chauffeur's quarters behind a beautiful old home, it required furnace care, a housekeeper and a cook. We thus formed a weekly schedule in that order, which worked out extremely well. Bicycles rushed us to work on time.

During that year, it was the first time the New York School of Hygiene and Physical Education offered a summer course held at the Ollerup Gymnastic College in Denmark, to introduce their rythmic fundamental gymnastics for post graduate work. These exercises were pleasant to do, increased mobility, strength, agility and co-ordination with-out bulging muscle effect. It was done to music and one went from one exercise to the next with-out stopping which improved muscle tone throughout the whole body.

Tait was most enthused by the work, and influenced my parents to have me join the group. Over thirty universities were represented, and I became their first Canadian graduate. "Never be afraid to be the first", was repeated advice by Tait McKenzie.

This new degree qualified me for further work at the college the following year. I then became a member of Delta Psi Kappa Physical Education fraternity. We held our meetings in the recreation room of the Kellys, who lived on the corner of Henry and Coulter Streets in Germantown. I at once noticed a pair of sculling oars held a prominent place over the fireplace mantle, and I did not realize they were to become famous as used by sculling champion, John Kelly, later the father of Princess Grace of Monaco. Margaret, his wife was a physical education graduate, and at one time on the University of Pennsylvania staff as an assistant to Tait McKenzie. Many years later when her son Jack was feted by the city of Philadelphia for his great sculling accomplishments, she chose to present him with McKenzie's medallion, "Joy of Effort", which had meant so much to her.

I found I was becoming a career girl, with no time for dates. One good reason was it was difficult to meet any of the opposite sex at a women's college. There was a fraternity dance coming up, and I loved to dance. It was too far for friends at home to journey south, so again Tait came to the rescue, and suggested a blind date.

While we had a fine time at the dance, it was not a repeat performance. I wondered why? Over forty years later, at the Mill of Kintail, I met a Professor from Temple University, Philadelphia, who was attending a memorial service for Tait McKenzie and was president of the St. Andrews

Society. He smiled and chuckled as we met. "I always remembered you", he said, "because you were the only blind date I ever had, who wouldn't kiss me good-night." However I was not entirely shy socially. Ethel took care of that!

I had come to the house on Pine Street straight from the college, and was still in my gym tunic. A long skirt showed beneath it. I was wearing my new seal coat, lavishly trimmed with gray squirrel, and a fur hat to match. My shawl collar showed a multi coloured scarf to add to the smartness. Ethel had her hat and coat on too. "Come along Elizabeth", she smiled, "We are going to a debutante's tea. It is her coming out party. "But I have no dress with me", was my answer. That was no excuse to her, as she thought I looked most attractive, besides, who could see my tunic when my coat was so lovely. Off we went. Passed through a long reception line, where the debutante was presented, banked by stacked flowers reaching ceiling height. We enjoyed a quick tea and cakes and chuckled all the way home. It had been so crowded, I could easily have removed my coat, and no one would have noticed. It was just as well we did not attempt it!

C H A P T E R F O U R

It was the end of my second year at Bryn Mawr, that my father became very ill. I felt I should be closer to my home town of Collingwood in Ontario. Where and how could I find a job? On speculation, I wrote to three private schools I had recalled were in Toronto. Fortunately I had two who showed interest. I chose Havergal College, and I think Tait's recommendation saying " Miss Pitt has unusual qualifications and training for this position.... I feel that you would make no mistake in trusting this important work to her", finalized acceptance of the job.

Again the power and influence of McKenzie.

This position as "Gym Mistress", provided more time for my favourite sport of archery. In Bryn Mawr, I had been coached by Dr. Robert Elmer, whose book on Archery had long been used as a text book. Joining the Toronto Archery Club, I was able to take their championship title for three years, much to their surprise. I was the unknown dark horse. This happened in the late twenties, when the Club shot on Devonshire place, across from the Bloor Stadium.

Bryn Mawr had also provided the opportunity of having a coach from the New York Fencing Club, and Leonardo Terrone from Temple University gave me knowledge of both French and Italian forms and methods of fencing. This I taught for years, and it culminated with one of my early students making a place on the Olympic games of 1936.

During the summers, I continued teaching at Temple University Camp for three years, coaching field hockey, archery and fencing. When that

terminated, I went to Tanamakoon. On leaving Havergal after two years, I accepted an offer from Eatons, as program supervisor of their Eaton Girl's Club, where I later became their Club and Camp Director for a total of nearly thirty years.

Visits to Philadelphia, and Tait to Toronto, continued our friendship. He had only one showing of his sculpture in Toronto, and once as speaker for the Canadian Association of Physical, Health Education and Recreation. It was during this visit to Toronto that my Aunt gave a family dinner for Tait and served his favourite Canadian spring lamb and mint sauce. At one point strong oil fumes permeated the dining room, and the mystery solved only when the maid discovered she had inadvertently used a vinegar bottle for the mint sauce and it had recently been refilled with coal-oil for cleaning purposes. Plates were quickly replaced, and the dinner continued, delightful as usual.

CHAPTER FIVE

Tait had always been very keen about figure skating, a good skater himself, he enjoyed a waltz or ten step at every opportunity. It was with profound interest he heard that our cousin Louise Bertram, paired with Stewart Raeburn, had captured the Canadian Figure Skating Pairs title, and that I would be chaperoning them at the Olympic Games to be held at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany. We did not dream that the "Little man" Adolph Hitler and his henchmen Goering and Goebels^h who watched them compete and receive the most applause, would be the cause of the later war holocaust. It was on that particular day that I had no ticket to see my pair skaters compete. I must crash the gate. I was loaded with skates, and when stopped by nazi officers at the gate, I pointed to a blue bank receipt in my pocket, which they mistook for a starter's ticket. With one sudden push from the rear, I was suddenly inside. I had no seat, but many were standing and I was able to enjoy a perfect bird's eye view. While not winners, they introduced a more modern rythmical way of skating. Their tango music scandalized some judges, and fascinated others. Their skid stops and varied jumps were new to most of the skaters, but the onlookers loved them, with their beaming personalities.

While in Germany, an ominous note of warning appeared at a private dinner party in Berlin. During desert course, a bugle was sounded, followed by an air raid siren. We were then marched immediately to a nearby apartment basement, where we sat and listened to a lecture on Air Raid Precautions, and saw a demonstration on putting out fires and giving First Aid to casualties. Russia's great army on one side, and a near French revolution

on the other, were the excuses given for their obvious behavior.

Little did I realize, that eight years later, I would be working across the channel with the St. John Ambulance, on the same such incidents which they had caused. My same dinner host, would escape from the country, and continue his work with the British Intelligence department in the navy, and would again invite me to dinner at his home, this time to see gold braid covering almost the entire sleeve, below the elbow of his commander's jacket.

During the war, I had reason to admire the great work done by Lady Mountbatten. She would drop in at the Medical Aid Post at Leicester Square at any hour of the day or night. There were two levels and four platforms and the escalators each had one hundred and two steps to climb hurriedly when a doctor had to be called by telephone. On one such night, a knock on the door admitted a woman complaining of indigestion. That was not the case, as a baby would obviously arrive any moment. An Olympic speed up the two hundred and four steps to call the doctor, had him arrive, secure a stretcher to hoist her up the escalator horizontally as it started to move, and get her to Charing Cross Hospital directly above, just in the nick of time. We had up to fifteen hundred persons per night when it was busy above. Some brought bed rolls and were allotted a bunker cot, and others sat bolt up-right, all came night after night, year in and year out. It was no surprise that I had to massage their legs for severe cramps for the poor circulation under their knees. Bomb shock, imbedded glass, burns, measles and pneumonia etc, all got help and direction in the little post with it's six cots. Not many volunteer St. John nurses liked the hot, smelly atmosphere, but I loved the spirit, courage and stamina of those who came regularly. I was never nervous or had

any fear of the hundreds of shelterers. When the cars stopped running after midnight, and started early in the morning, I knew there was a "Bobby" on guard near by, and when I found he was a hockey player from Winnipeg, who vowed to protect me, my mind was entirely at ease.

Firewatching was also introduced to me one night when posted with Lady Mountbatten's secretary at the St. John Ambulance Brigade Headquarters on Belgrave Square. I had completed my Air Raid Precaution course in Canada but had never seen sand-pails and stirrup-pumps ready for immediate use and action. Following a brief refresher summary, the secretary disappeared into her own office, and left me on my own in the Superintendent-in-Chief's office. I could not help but admire the family photographs on her mantelpiece which included her handsome husband in his Commander's uniform with the dashing smile he always gave her, her daughters Patricia and Pammy, now in uniform, and Princess Elizabeth with her nephew Phillip. On one side of her desk were the papers ready for her secretary, and on the other a line of buzz buttons which intrigued me. The next moment I found I was sitting in her chair as a Chief Officer for a moment. It was then that I succumbed to the temptation, and pushed every button in the extensive row. The astonished secretary rushed in to see what was happening. "It's only me," I explained meekly as I quickly vacated the chair with a horrible thought crossing my mind...suppose I had alerted the British navy, or contacted Lord Louis, or even an area which would disrupt the war. If only I had stood "at ease", with my hands behind my back.

Needless to say, it was only a short time until I was removed, to take our vigil on the roof, and retire later to our post under the great



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